

FRENCH VIEWS OF MR. BALDWIN'S STATEMENT

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH OPENS AT LORD'S



A young enthusiast arrives with a consignment of balloons to grace the great occasion.



Sir John Cottrell and his daughter. Sir John wore the regulation "topper," but it was a white one.

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister, arriving at the ground yesterday morning.

Lady Mary Thynne waiting in the queue that formed outside the famous ground at an early hour.

There was the usual distinguished gathering at Lord's for the Eton and Harrow match, which opened yesterday. With the temperature rising through the eighties into the

nineties, the womenfolk had much the advantage in the matter of costume. Despite the heat, the majority of the masculine spectators were heroic enough to don tall hats.

NO SIGN OF A BREAK IN HEAT WAVE—YESTERDAY'S LONDON TEMPERATURE ABOVE NINETY MARK



An agitated mother introduces her young family to the joys of sea bathing at Brighton. She is apparently explaining to them that there is nothing to fear in the little moving wavelets. Two of them in particular seem to be somewhat sceptical.



Those who have to do manual work under the blazing sun find that energy must be very carefully conserved during such weather as we are now experiencing. Here are a few of them on the Thames Embankment storing up energy for the afternoon's work.

MAN'S OWN TALE IN TAXI MURDER.

Allegation that Friend Shot Dickey,

'I DID NOT KILL HIM.'

Accused Tells Why He Misled the Police.

How he saw James Vivian fire three shots at Jacob Dickey, taxi-driver, after the men had quarrelled was the dramatic story told at the Old Bailey yesterday by Alexander Campbell Mason, who is charged with the murder.

Mason said he arranged to meet Vivian at Bay Tree-road, Brixton, on the night of May 9. The taxicab drove up and he heard sounds of a dispute.

The taxicab did not stop, but went towards Acre-lane, and pulled up. Both men got out, "and," said Mason, "I saw two flashes and they both fell."

"They both got up, locked together, and there was another flash. I was frightened to death and ran away." Mason added that he had had great difficulty in keeping his mouth shut. The trial was adjourned until to-day. The verdict is expected this afternoon.

"STRUGGLE IN STREET."

Mason's Dramatic Evidence of Revolver Shots—"I Was Frightened."

Mason said that on the Wednesday—the day of the murder—he went to Vivian's place, and they made arrangements to meet at the corner of Wilton-road between 8.30 and 9 p.m., "as soon as the girl (Hettie Colquhoun) went out."

Witness went to Wilton-road, and he and Vivian then went to Victoria tube station. An American whom he knew as Jerry was standing in the arcade by the tube.

Vivian and witness went into the tube, and at the booking-office Vivian purchased a ticket to Piccadilly. He was going there for the purpose of getting a "straight-up taxicab" whom he knew.

Counsel: What do you mean by the term "straight-up taxicab"?—A taxicab who is willing to go with men who are on the crook.

Mason then described his movements, saying that he had made arrangements to meet Vivian at the corner of Bay Tree-road and Acre-lane, Brixton.

It was 8.40 when he left Victoria. He proceeded to Bay Tree-road along Acre-lane, and stood on the bend in Bay Tree-road while he was expecting the taxicab with Vivian.

"The taxi," proceeded Mason, "did not stop, and I heard sounds of a dispute. Vivian was leaning out of the right side of the cab, and had his head close to the driver. They were both shouting, but I could not distinguish what they said because of the noise."

The taxicab turned to the corner where witness was standing and went towards Acre-lane, and he started to walk towards it.

"I saw the taxicab stop," said Mason, "and as soon as it stopped I saw the right door open and Vivian jumped out quickly. I saw the driver catch him either by the shoulder or the collar on the left side."

"Vivian pulled away and the driver was pulled out of the taxicab."

"TWO FLASHES."

"There were two flashes and two reports, and both men fell down."

"I still kept walking towards the cab," continued the accused, "and I would be about fifteen paces from them when they both got up locked together. There was another report and I saw the flash. It was turning dusk, and illuminated both faces."

After the third flash accused said he was frightened to death and left. He did not know what happened after.

"I went into a little front yard, Mason confessed. 'I remember stepping into some bushes. I climbed over and tried to get an outlet, but there was none.'

While I was on top Vivian came round the corner. He fell three times before he reached the wall where I was. He then said, 'My God, Scottie, help me! I can't run.'

I helped him up as best I could to the top of the wall, and we both fell on the other side."

"I went about four paces past the wall where I got over, and Vivian was still on the ground. I went back, caught him by the shoulder and asked him what was the matter. He said, 'My legs are gone. I cannot move.'

"Just as he said this," prisoner went on, "I heard a police whistle blowing. I left him and ran round behind some buildings. I got to a wall behind them, running in the same direction as Bay Tree-road."

Finally he boarded a Victoria car, got off at Charlwood-street and whistled outside Vivian's house.

Had you got a revolver, ammunition, or a jemmy?—No.

Did you kill Dickey?—No.

Answering in a quiet voice Mason said, "I did not kill him."

(Continued on page 15.)

LADY ASTOR'S BILL.

Big Commons Majority for Drink Control Measure.

PROHIBITION QUERIES.

Lady Astor's Drink Bill passed the third reading yesterday in the Commons. It regulates the sale of intoxicants to people under the age of eighteen, and the majority for it was 257 votes to 10.

Moving the rejection, Sir F. Banbury expressed the view that the Bill, in effect, discriminated against the poor. The rich man had his wine cellar, and rich boys and girls would not suffer.

Mr. Scrymgeour declared that this was a licensing, and not a prohibition, measure, and its promotion was treachery to the cause of temperance. Lady Astor stood as a barrier between "the trade" and prohibition.

On the other hand, Mr. Greaves Lord said the Bill stood as a bulwark against prohibition, and would secure the support of moderate opinion. After Colonel Page Croft had described the Bill as a fussy, interfering piece of legislation, and dealt with no admitted evil.

Lady Astor, replying, said she had been described as an alien, who was attempting to impose her will on a free people. She might be an alien, but she was not alien to the needs and wishes of the women of this country.

Viscount Curzon: Are you in favour of prohibition?

Lady Astor: Prohibition has nothing to do with me. It is for the people of the country to decide.

Viscount Curzon: Would you assist us in defeating a prohibition Bill if it was brought forward?

Lady Astor: Wait and see.

£450 CINEMA FINE.

Old Tickets Reissued to Save Payment of Entertainment Tax.

A fine of £450 was imposed on Sydney Spectator, manager of the Victory Cinema, at the South London Police court yesterday for failing to pay entertainment tax.

The company owning the cinema were fined £45 and two assistants £3 and £4 respectively.

Mr. E. R. Booth, prosecuting, described the transaction as a "calculated and deliberate fraud." Old tickets, he said, were reissued as new ones. The loss to the revenue was considerable.

MARRIED "SLAVES."

Mrs. de Crespigny's Protest Against Dependence of Women.

A protest against the dependence of the married woman was made by Mrs. Champion de Crespigny yesterday at a lunch at the Lyceum Club, given by Mrs. Roscoe Brunner, the novelist, to women interested in the problems of their sex.

"Dependence is the root of all slavery," declared Mrs. de Crespigny. "Married women ought to be entitled to part of the salary that a man gets, and it should not be given as a favour."

"Women ought not to be obliged to gain their objectives by tortuous routes. As for the unmarried woman, her opportunities to-day are greater than ever before."

EX-SERVICE BANDSMEN.

Magistrate Says They Deserve as Much Indulgence as Germans.

Dismissing a charge of obstruction at Bow-street yesterday against several members of an ex-service men's band, Mr. Lylester said that the performances of these bands were regarded by many people at certain times as a bit of a nuisance, but there must be some give and take in the world.

People put up with the German bands long enough in the old days, and he thought they could do so with these ex-service men's bands, so long as they acted reasonably and caused no obstruction and moved on when required to do so by the police.

"JIG-SAW PUZZLE BILL."

M.P. Who Can Only Understand Rent Measure When He Reads It Quickly.

Despite the intense heat M.P.s were able to make some humorous remarks and cause laughter during the discussion of the Rent Restriction Bill yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Foot described the Bill as a jig-saw puzzle, and said it was lamentable that a Bill could not be framed which was understood by the people. He had read Clause 6 slowly and then fast, and it was only when the clause was read fast that anybody could understand it.

Alluding to the criticism as to the draughtsmanship of the Bill, Mr. Chamberlain said he was reminded of nursery rhyme: "Do you really wonder, Jane, when it seems to me so plain?"

Mr. Trevelyan said the Government, nearly decided to decontrol until the by-elections went against them and forbade the ban. The Bill passed the third reading.

TEMPERATURE OF 109

Fire Hose and Ice Bath Fail to Save Man's Life.

WET HANDKERCHIEF HINT

It was stated yesterday at the inquest at Hammersmith on John Chamberlain, a carman, who was found lying unconscious beside his horse and van in Kensington suffering from a heat stroke, that when admitted to West London Hospital he had a temperature of 109.

He was stripped, rubbed down with ice and bled. The fire hose was turned on him and he was put into an ice bath.

That only succeeded in reducing his temperature to 102 before he died.

Accidental death was the verdict. The house physician at the hospital suggested that persons exposed to the sun should protect themselves by placing a moistened handkerchief which had been wrung out in cold water on the nape of their necks, and the coroner (Mr. Oswald) said people should pay strict attention to diet and abstain from alcohol.

IN BED FOR 19 YEARS.

Judge Issues Warrant for Hove Man To Be Taken to Assizes.

A man who has been in bed since 1904 is to appear a Lewes Assizes next week. He is Frederick George Tebbutt (fifty-three), of Hove, and Mr. Justice Aveyer yesterday ordered his apprehension to answer charges of obtaining credit without disclosing that he was an undischarged bankrupt.

Magisterial proceedings took place in the man's bedroom in the autumn, and the case was allowed to stand over from December Assizes. In March the Judge ordered his appearance at the present Assizes.

It was stated by Dr. H. H. Taylor, who examined Tebbutt in the previous year, that he considered it would be quite safe for Tebbutt to be brought to court, as he was suffering from no organic disease. The Judge remarked that Tebbutt was trifling with the Court.

"AN AWFUL BORE."

Famous Musician's Outburst in Witness Box—"Po'ly" Duel.

"If we musicians are to be prevented from treating old tunes as our own way because someone else has already copied them, I will be afraid to go to the British Museum for musical research in case I am locked up."

Sir Frederick Bridge, the famous organist, made this remark yesterday when giving evidence in the Chancery Division in the action brought by Mr. Frederic Austin against the Columbia Graphophone Company for alleged infringement by gramophone records of his musical copyright in Gay's opera, "Polly."

Sir Frederick said he would like to refer to his own score which he had prepared.

Mr. Luxmoore, who is now a witness, said he didn't think much of it, you know. (Laughter.)

STAND FAST BY FRANCE.

Mr. Lovat Fraser's Article in To-morrow's "Sunday Pictorial."

"Stand Fast by France" is the title of an article of some ordinary importance which will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*, from the pen of Mr. Lovat Fraser.

At a time when there is so much confusion of thought regarding the questions at issue between Germany, France and ourselves—a confusion which has not been materially lessened by Mr. Baldwin's pronouncement on the subject—Mr. Fraser's dispassionate analysis of the situation and the consequences of any rupture with France is certain to arouse enormous interest.

Other outstanding writers in to-morrow's issue of the *Sunday Pictorial* are Sir Sidney Low and Mrs. Elmor Glyn. In all respects this will be a specially interesting number of the predominant Sunday picture paper.

26 YEARS AS DETECTIVE.

Sergeant Pinnick's Experiences in Many Famous Fraud Cases.

After twenty-six years' service as a policeman and detective, Detective-Sergeant Mark Pinnick, of the Marylebone Division, is retiring to-day.

He has been one of the most successful of famous cases, and has made a study of fraud.

He has helped the "Big Four" of Scotland Yard in famous murder cases, including that of "Smith," of Bath, who was accused of drowning brides in a bath.

Pinnick joined the force on May 1, 1897, and has since been stationed at North Fulham, Brentford, Old King-street, Westminster, Kentish Town, W. 2, Somers Town and Marylebone.

Before he joined the force he served in the R.M.A., and was orderly to Sir George Tryon in H.M.S. Victoria, when she was rammed by a submarine in 1893.

After that he was orderly to Sir Michael Culme-Seymour in the Ramillies.

Sergt. Pinnick.

"TORTURE" OF TOP-HAT AT LORD'S.

Schoolboy Heroes in Hottest Headgear.

YOUNG SISTER'S DAY

Eton Meet Harrow in Sweltering Sunshine.

In unrelenting, withering sunshine, tempered occasionally by a warm but refreshing breeze, the Eton and Harrow cricket match began at Lord's yesterday.

The age-old custom of wearing a silk hat was universally respected despite the fact that the "topper" is among the hottest hats which civilisation has inflicted on men of the world and boys of the public schools.

Never has there been such a day for introductions, for they, at least, gave an opportunity of removing burdensome headgear for a moment.

It was the "younger sister's day," and in their cool white and cream dresses and picture hats they were the envy of every schoolboy heart.

BURDEN OF HIGH HATS.

How the "Introduction Fiend" Kept Cool—"Young Sister's Day."

Even the youngest and smallest wore the hot topper, and, with exemplary restraint, they took it off only when introduced to another fellow's people or when alone in the shadow of a cool marquee.

Consequently, introductions were eagerly sought after, not only because sisters and other female relatives looked very beautiful in wide picture hats and clinging frocks, but because every introduction meant a prolonged relief from the heavy burden of the hot high hat.

Among the very youngest was a diminutive boy, whose hat balanced miraculously on his aged and whose pale face was weary with heat and responsibility.

INTRODUCTIONS TO EVERYBODY.

His people consisted mainly of elderly aunts, and in order to obtain relief from his hat he introduced them to every friend and nodding acquaintance he met.

After each introduction he would stand and mop his brow and wipe his forehead with a handkerchief, meeting the glares of his victims with a resigned and cheerful smile.

What his fate will be when he gets back to school is known only to his friends.

But apart from the cricket and the hats it was the younger sisters' day at Lord's.

Girls just budding into flapperhood and daintily dressed in muslins and lace created fervent havoc among the susceptible hearts beating so ardently beneath Eton and Harrow jackets.

For although their heroes were among the rival teams who fought out their battle on the green field, the younger sisters were disposed temporarily to distribute their favours among the others, especially those whose pocket money could buy unlimited quantities of iced ginger beer.

Boydhood was, of course, in its best behaviour, but it is feared that the annual destruction of toppers will be greater than that of any preceding year.

This will be caused through hatred for the high hat in hot weather and not by the exuberance of high spirits.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Works Explosion.—In an explosion at shell-breaking works at Bramley (Hants) a workman had an arm and a leg blown off.

Quota Exhausted.—It is announced that the monthly quota of 15,468 immigrants from Great Britain to the U.S. has been exhausted.

Baby Show Incident.—At a baby show at Codiote (Herts) none of the babies having been vaccinated until the consolation prizes were awarded.

Actor's Death.—The death has occurred at Derby Infirmary of Mr. Henry Lonsdale, who for several years played prominent parts at the London Lyceum.

Death on Cruise.—News has been received at Liverpool that Mr. J. A. Irwin, head of a large multiple grocery firm, has died at sea while on a pleasure cruise.

Krassin's Successor.—Rakovski has been appointed Russian political and commercial representative in London in place of Krassin, says a Rester Berlin telegram.

Strawberry Record.—All previous records for the output of strawberries in the South Hants district have been broken, and already over three million baskets have been despatched.

Starting Discovery.—At the offices of the Metropolitan Water Board, East Ham, a woman, named Mrs. W. W. W., was found suspended with a piece of rope around her neck from an iron tree.

"King" John Passes.—"King" John Williams, who "ruled" Bardsey Island, in Cardigan Bay, for thirty years, died yesterday in Penrhyn Workhouse, where he was admitted two years ago.

NEW BRITISH REPARATIONS SCHEME NEXT WEEK

France Promises Sympathetic Consideration If Vital Interests Are Not Sacrificed.

WHERE PREMIER'S SPEECH DISAPPOINTED

Ruhr Occupation Condemned Without One Word to Denounce German Resistance and Sabotage.

Pending receipt of the actual British proposals, France and Belgium are not committing themselves to any definite view of the Premier's plan for a new reparations policy.

All the Allies endorse the British view that continuance of the Entente is vital for world peace, but, while hoping that she will be able to support Mr. Baldwin's scheme, France will only do so on condition that her essential interests are not sacrificed.

Regret is expressed that, while the Ruhr occupation was condemned by the Premier, he said not a word in denunciation of the German campaign of passive resistance and sabotage to thwart and hinder France and Belgium in exacting their just dues.

It is expected that the British reply to the last German offer will be completed by the Cabinet and submitted for consideration by the French and Belgian Governments early next week.

PARIS STAYS JUDGMENT EFFORT TO BREAK STRIKE TILL NOTE IS SENT. AT LONDON DOCKS.

Will Gap in the Entente Be Narrowed Down? Police Protect Unloading of Meat and Butter Cargo.

MORE RUHR TOWNS OCCUPIED. ALL MEN BACK ON MONDAY?

There was a meeting of the French Cabinet yesterday, but, pending receipt of the official text, the British Premier's statement on reparations and the Ruhr was not discussed.

While welcoming the friendly and courteous tone of the statement, the Paris newspapers, says Rauter, generally lay stress on the fact that it does not go far to narrow down the gap between the points of view of the two countries.

When it is received the British Note, says the Exchange, is not expected to be any more acceptable than were Mr. Bonar Law's proposals in January.

It is expected that the Note will be considered at Cabinet meetings early next week.

AWAITING THE NOTE.

The following represents opinion in French official circles.

The British declaration shows there is a complete unity of sentiments between France and Britain.

The French Government cordially welcomes and endorses the British Government's insistence on the necessity for the Franco-British alliance for world peace, and on the closeness of the ties binding the two peoples.

Is there a corresponding unity of views? French official circles earnestly hope so, but this can only be ascertained when the French Government has before it the text of the British draft reply to Germany.

The French Government will very carefully examine the British Note as soon as it is submitted, with every desire to be able to subscribe to it, but on the condition that essential French interests, of which the British Government are fully cognisant, are not sacrificed.

Lastly, while recognising the cordial tone of the declaration, French official circles regret to observe that the declaration condemns the occupation of the Ruhr, but does not condemn the organised German resistance and sabotage.

Belgian Government circles consider that "the ideas expressed by Mr. Baldwin mark a turn of events and authorise the belief that diplomatic conversations between the Allies, far from being cut short, will continue with increased activity."

NO HINT OF SEPARATE ACTION.

Mr. Baldwin's speech in no way hinted at separate action, but, on the contrary, insisted on the utility of concerted action in regard to Germany. He considered that Germany's capacity to pay, if there was any doubt about it, should be verified and determined.

"He did not say that this task should be entrusted to an international commission. "As to the Prime Minister's remarks regarding the occupation of the Ruhr, without doubt it may be thought that they will not facilitate an agreement, but, on the other hand, they only constitute a repetition of what the British Government said in this connection in January, when the French and Belgians entered the Ruhr."

Between six and seven o'clock yesterday morning, says a Reuter message from Berlin, a large force of French troops of all arms entered Barmen from the direction of Hasslinghausen and occupied the public buildings and railway stations.

Other bodies of French troops occupied Elberfeld, and subsequently Barmen was evacuated after several arrests had been made.

This demonstration was the result of the arrest of a group of French soldiers and Customs officials on July 11 by the security police south-west of Barmen.

The position in London with regard to the unofficial dock strike remained yesterday much about the same, and there had been no general resumption of work.

The men have appointed a new strike committee in place of those who advised them to go back to work.

So far, the majority of London dockers have thrown in their lot with the strike, but it is believed that if on the other side there was a serious weakening on a part of a section of the dockers the strike would collapse.

If the men were given a lead it is thought possible that they might return to work on Monday.

The first serious effort to break up the strike was made at the Connaught-road Dock, where the Highland Piper, laden with meat, bananas and butter, was unloaded by dockers.

When the work started strikers stopped some meat vans returning from the ship and threatened to overturn them.

The men, however, continued working energetically to get the Highland Piper cleared. Police were on duty in case of trouble, and the strike picket was unable to stop the work.

COAL PORTERS BACK.

Several hundred coal porters resumed work at Surrey, Millwall and other docks, loading bunker coal from barges moored alongside a number of docks.

A number of grain porters also resumed at Millwall. The Cunard liner Andania, which was due to sail from Surrey Docks, was delayed.

All Birkenhead dock strikers remain out, but at Liverpool the men have gone back.

There has been no further development in the situation at Smithfield Market, where 2,000 men are on strike as a protest against a wage reduction already agreed to by their union.

Salesmen and masters are doing their best to keep the meat supply going, although the market is now practically empty, by unloading vans themselves.

NOTED RIDER WEDS.

Captain Bennet Who Rode This Year's National Winner.

Captain Geoffrey Bennet, the well-known jockey, who rode Sergeant Murphy, the winner of this year's Grand National, was married early yesterday morning at St. George's, Hanover-square, to Miss Cicely Clayton Swan, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. Clayton Swan.

There were no bridesmaids, the best man being the bridegroom's brother, Mr. S. Bennet. A reception was held at Claridge's Hotel.

CONSTANTINOPLE ARSON PLOT.

Constantinople police, says Reuter, report the discovery of a serious plot for incendiarism on a large scale and for generally provoking disorder in the city. Several persons, chiefly Greeks and Armenians, have been arrested.

WOMAN BARRISTER.

Miss Margaret Kidd, daughter of Mr. James Kidd, formerly M.P. for Louthdownshire, was yesterday admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh.

Miss Kidd is the first woman barrister in Scotland.



Sir John Blund Sutton, who has been elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons for the coming year.



Mr. George Ronalds, the well-known actor, whose death has followed his collapse on the stage at Derby.

180 MILES AN HOUR IN FLIGHT ROUND ENGLAND.

Cobham Races Into Third Place at Glasgow.

COUNTRESS AS PASSENGER.

High speeds were recorded yesterday in the air race round England for the King's Cup, Captain Courtney averaging 180 miles an hour in the first lap.

Fourteen of the seventeen machines entered started from Hendon, but before the Newcastle stage was completed three were out.

One was that piloted by F. P. Raynham. There was some anxiety as to his safety for nearly an hour, till the news arrived that he had made a forced landing near Leeds. His machine was not seriously damaged.

Princess Loewenstein-Wertheim flew in the machine she had entered, her pilot being Mr. C. D. Barnard.

Many famous owners were present at the start, including Mr. George Robey and Mr. Harry Tate, both of whom had entered machines. Mr. A. J. Cobham, whose *Daily Mirror* flights made him famous, was flying for Mr. Robey, and the longest price obtainable on him was 6 to 1.

ARRIVED TOGETHER.

Flight-Lieutenant Longdon and F. C. Robinson started within a few seconds of each other and completed the first lap almost at the same moment. At Birmingham Captain Cockrill decided not to go up again.

Captain Bland, on his Sea Eagle, was the first to arrive at Newcastle, and he was quickly followed by F. T. Courtney, H. Hemming, L. C. Carter and Cobham.

Cobham had improved his position remarkably having been twelfth at London and seventh at Newcastle.

By Glasgow Cobham had fought his way to third place, arriving only five minutes behind F. L. Courtney and one minute behind L. C. Carter, who started from scratch.

The net flying time of A. J. Cobham was 2h. 3m. 15s.; F. T. Courtney, 2h. 23m. 12s.; L. C. Carter, 2h. 32m. 16s. These times represent the following speeds: A. J. Cobham, 149.62 m.p.h.; F. T. Courtney, 155.63 m.p.h.; L. C. Carter, 152.49 m.p.h.

"TO WAIT MY PAL."

Wife's Quotation from Famous Song on Wreath for Chevalier.

The public whose hearts Albert Chevalier had so often stirred, paid their last tribute to the great actor when he was buried yesterday at Abney Park Cemetery.

Upon the coffin rested a beautiful wreath of white roses from Mrs. Chevalier, bearing a card on which was written a quotation from "My Old Dutch":

When we've to part, as part we must,
I pray that God may take me first
To wait my pal.

A touching feature of the interment was the large number of tiny bouquets of flowers brought by the public and placed on the grave.

FRUIT POURS IN.

Day and Night Shifts of Workers to Unload It at Folkestone.

Immense consignments of greengages, plums, apricots, cherries and black and red currants are arriving at Folkestone from France for the London market.

So great is the volume of traffic that day and night shifts of men are unloading the steamers. A few days ago French growers and others interested in the fruit trade paid a special visit to Folkestone in order to see the facilities for the rapid handling of the fruit.

THE "CAT" AND TEN YEARS.

The Dublin Recorder yesterday sentenced three men each to twenty lashes of the cat and then ten years' penal servitude for breaking into a labourer's premises in Moore-street and brutally assaulting a woman assistant, whom they gagged and tied to her bed. They then stole £37 and some jewellery belonging to her.

LONDON'S NEW HEAT WAVE RECORD.

Thermometer Reaches 92 Early in Afternoon.

THUNDERSTORM HAVOC.

Torrential Rain Floods the Streets in Midlands.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.—Slightly less warm, with light to moderate N.E. to E. winds. Risk of local thunderstorms.

The heat wave continued to break records yesterday, and had it not been for a refreshing breeze that cooled perspiring faces London would have been like the stockhold of a ship or the inside of a baker's oven.

Although the morning was a trifle cooler than Thursday morning, the mercury made up for lost time and shot up to 91 at 2 p.m. Between 2 p.m. and 3 the 92 level was recorded in the City. The following table will indicate how the thermometer mounted:

	Shade.	Sun.
9 a.m.	77	93
11 a.m.	85	118
1 p.m.	89	123

MANY HEAT DEATHS.

Crane Driver Collapses While on Duty—Woman's Suicide.

While Londoners were kept awake by the heat on Thursday night, the people living in the Midlands, Exeter, Cardiff, and many places in the North were robbed of sleep by crashing thunderclaps, vivid lightning and torrential rain.

The greatest thunderstorms ever experienced in South Staffordshire lasted for over seven hours, damaging buildings and flooding roads. Several heat deaths were reported from all parts of the country yesterday. Alfred Hough, forty-nine, a general dealer, of Orville-road, Battersea, was taken ill in a cart driven by another dealer. He was driven in a taxi to a doctor's surgery, but died on the way.

The Reading police report that two women and a man died from the heat; two other deaths occurred in Folkestone, and a farmer, named John Pothrell, of Warcop, Westmorland, died from sunstroke while haymaking. Albert Byford, forty-nine, an engine-driver, of Leyton, was found drowned in the river near Canning Town while his train was being loaded with goods at a new siding.

It was stated at a Hammersmith inquest on John Chamberlain, fifty-five, a carman, of Notting Hill, who died from sunstroke, that when removed to hospital his temperature was 108°.

Alfred Johnson, sixty-three, a crane-driver, failed to answer a call while working at Paddington yesterday, and was seen to be unconscious. He was lowered to the ground, but died soon afterwards.

Owing to the great heat Mary Simmonds, thirty-six, of Hanlon-street, Deptford, was depressed, and had two fainting attacks which the doctors who treated her said were due to the heat. Later she jumped in a canal near by.

SEVEN HOURS' STORM.

Many Houses Damaged and Streets Flooded by Torrential Rain.

The worst storm that Sheffield has known for sixty years set fire to and burned down two war huts in Tyler-street and flooded several houses. A picture palace had its roof torn off and chimneys were buried into the streets. The rush of water was so fierce in the Bungeave district that a stable was washed away.

Two horses were killed by lightning in Warwickshire, and many buildings were struck in Cardiff. The Salvation Army headquarters were struck, and great lumps of masonry fell into the street.

Vivid lightning kept Scarborough awake all night, but no damage was done. But Exeter was less fortunate and several houses were damaged.

HAILSTONES LIKE ACID DROPS.

A great thunderstorm broke over the Cotswolds district, and was accompanied by a driving wind and hailstones as large as acid drops.

The tower of Holy Trinity Church, Langley, Wores, was struck by lightning and partially destroyed. A cow grazing in a field in the same district was killed.

At Dudley, Wores, a chimney stack was struck and demolished, and all lights at an hotel were suddenly extinguished. The glass in verandahs was smashed by the crashing thunder. The rain was torrential.

The members of the Merton College Arctic Expedition have arranged to leave Newcastle-on-Tyne to-day for Tromsø, where they will find the sealing sloop which has been chartered for the voyage round the unknown region to the north-east of the Spitzbergen.

Too Hot to Work.—The heat has forced several works to close down, in including tinplate and steel works at Neath and Briton Ferry, and many works in other parts of Wales, where the furnacemen cannot stand the heat.

LADIES' BOUDOIR

HOT WEATHER FANCIES—ICED SHAMPOOS.

HAVE you tried an iced shampoo? They are wonderful, scented with lemon or verbenia, and the cool shock to your head gives you renewed courage to "carry on." There was quite a queue waiting round my pet hair-dresser's when I hurried in for one, but the sight of the ice-blocks coming up on trays was worth waiting for.

PERFUMED ICE.

Most American hair-dressers (it ought to be face-dressers really) pass a small square of perfumed ice over the face after you've indulged in a mud or vibro massage. The hot, burning feeling left by the ice soon gives place to a lovely coolness.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

Lots of brave people are giving parties these nights, and still braver folk are going to them, and if your business takes you round Grosvenor-square or Berkeley-street you'll get a first-hand knowledge of what the debutantes are wearing this year. I passed through Grosvenor-square on my way to a ball. Every other house had its row of waiting cars, its lights and its wide-open door. Between each dance the couples sauntered up and down the streets, he wielding a large palm-leaf fan and she in all the splendour of her party gown and no wrap. I wondered what had happened to the palm-filled conservatories Ouida used to intrigue us with.

SCARVES FOR EVENING.

Few women wear cloaks over their evening frocks these sultry nights. Just a thin silk scarf encircling the shoulders, with a light trans-

parent fringe reaching to the hem of the skirt, answers this purpose.

COOL-LOOKING.

A loose frock of black georgette over a Milanese silk slip is the coolest wear for dancing. Transparent black looks so cool, just as opaque black suggests heat in the depth of winter.

OPEN-AIR DANCING.

If we must dine and dance, and apparently we must, why not in the open air? The Piccadillys have opened their terrace garden for déjeuner, tea and supper, and this is about the nearest approach to the Parisian open-air cafés that we have.

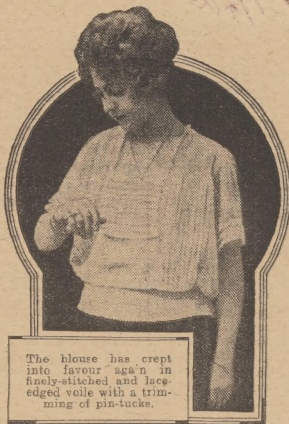
COOL THOUGHTS.

How lovely cafés in our parks would be! I'd love to dine by the banks of the Serpentine, peeping in between the courses at what Barrie calls the drowned forests, and the babies might have their own tea and dance café by the Round Pond, with a row of Nannas for chaperons. We don't really make sufficient use of our beautiful parks, do we?

BABIES' WEAR.

It's hard to know what to dress the babies in this weather. Too much clothing brings them out in a heat rash, and too little runs a risk of chill in the cooler part of the evening. They really only need two little garments—a tunic of thin washing silk over "combies" of fine nun's veiling. This latter is an excellent material for summer, as it absorbs moisture and doesn't cling in that dangerous clammy way to the body.

PHILLIDA.



The blouse has crept into favour again in fine-stitched and lace-edged voile with a trimming of pin-tucks.



"Did you spoil your shoes when you slipped into the ditch?"

"Oh no! They were cleaned with Cherry Blossom Dark Tan Polish."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

BLACK and TONETTE in 1½d., 2½d., 4½d., and 6½d. Tins.

Also sold in the following Colours in 2½d., and 4½d. tins only:

WHITE for Patent Leathers.

DARK TAN: Imparts a beautiful Nigger-Brown shade to Leather.

DEEP TONE: Stains leather a rich, deep tone—very attractive.

use *Snowene*
The dressing for White Buckskin and Canvas Shoes—which will not rub off.

In Aluminium Containers 7d. Re-fills 2d. LIQUID SNOWENE In bottles 4½d. & 7d.

The Greatest Mystery Story of the Year

THE RED LODGE

By VICTOR BRIDGES

DID you read "Greensea Island"? This amazingly popular story first appeared in the "Yellow Magazine," had a tremendous sale as a novel, and has since been shown on the film all over the world under the title of "Through Fire and Water."

Now Victor Bridges, the famous author of "Greensea Island," has written an even finer story—"The Red Lodge." It will stand absolutely unrivalled in the realm of sensational fiction. The inexplicable murder of Professor Carter; Dr. Gray's daring efforts to solve the apparently insoluble; Nancy Seymour's strange secret and the risks encountered in pursuit of the murderers, make up a story which will hold you spell-bound. "The Red Lodge" is Victor Bridges' masterpiece.

The first long instalment appears in the

YELLOW MAGAZINE

NOW ON SALE Price 7^d.



Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1923.

THE NEXT STEP.

THE French Press has received the Prime Minister's speech very courteously.

France welcomes his declaration of loyalty to the Alliance, tried and cemented on the field of battle. France is also glad to take note of his expressed resolve to secure just payment for the cruel wrong done by Germany to Europe.

But France—like the majority of Englishmen—would also be very glad to know how the British Government proposes to fulfil its laudable intentions.

Are we going to set about the task of bringing the evasive debtor to reason by withdrawing all pressure upon him? Are we, by so doing, to invite him to resume his methods of evasion? And, if so, can France be expected to approve?

While we wait for our Government's plan, we already know the views of France. Both M. Poincaré and M. Millerand have told us that France will not give up the ground she has taken, until and in so far as Germany meets the claims of all the Allies upon her: claims we officially endorsed in 1921.

But we gather from Mr. Baldwin's studiously non-committal remarks that he does not approve of the French grip upon Germany. That being so, how can France be expected to assent to any scheme that involves the relaxation of her grip?

Here is the impasse. Let us hope that, whatever may happen, our Government will not demand of France that she should renounce the reality her resolute action has secured for her in favour of the old shadow.

CAN WE TAX IT?

THE Select Committee on betting seems to be suffering from the malady that nearly always afflicts gatherings of "impartial persons" appointed to investigate any subject under the sun—especially the sun of a heat wave.

This is the wandering sickness, or disposition to ramble about all subjects, instead of concentrating on the one under investigation.

Here, surely, it is, or ought to be, a question of determining the financial possibilities of a tax on betting; not of estimating the moral evil said to result from the undoubted prevalence of this habit.

It may be interesting to know that such and such an eminent ecclesiastic once "had a bet on sculling at Eton," and doesn't consider betting a sin in itself; that another considers that betting leads to all sins, including theft, murder and—*this* is a sin?—bankruptcy. It is interesting. But it is irrelevant.

Betting goes on everywhere at present, in a manner grossly unfair, as between rich and poor. Can it be regularised and so used to relieve the taxpayer by benefiting the Treasury? That is what we want to know.

"NOT USED TO HEAT."

WHEN in the mildest manner we venture to reproach the explosive heat-inducing puffing sufferers who spent the icy spring lamenting that "we never see sun," and now groan aloud that they never want to see it again, we are met by the excuse that London "isn't used to heat."

Plainly it isn't—since we, and most of the other big cities, have few facilities for making it endurable, not to say pleasant.

As the heat wave lasts, you see furtive or unabashed attempts at adaptation: a linen suit here or there, an occasional pith helmet, a few fans, and so on. You hear of citizens sleeping—or lying awake—with their toes out of the window or on the roof or in the back garden. A sort of technique begins to be evolved for dealing with the "seasonable weather." Then the heat stops. We forget about it till next time.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Hot Weather Hints—No Insects in London?—The "Dry" Ship Farce—Can You Sleep?

THINK OF THE HORSE!

MAY I appeal to all motorists during this exceptional weather to give way more than usual to our friend, the horse?

Even an empty van with "way on" is a trouble to pull up and restart, and the few seconds conceded are surely nothing by comparison with the good turn done.

STANSON COOKE,
Secretary,
The Automobile Association.

SLEEP IN THE OPEN!

WHY not sleep in the open this weather? Anywhere, whether it be the garden, roof garden, or roof! People complain that they don't get a wink of sleep owing to the heat. For the last two nights I have slept in my garden. I have a camp-bed, a pillow and a sheet, and I sleep like a top, with only the stars

HATS FOR INFANTS.

I HAVE been much concerned during the last few days to see so many babies and young children out in their prams in the blazing heat with no head-covering or shade of any description.

I feel sure that if their mothers could only be brought to realise the irreparable harm this may cause, they would ensure their children being properly shielded from the sun's rays, and I therefore hope that you may find it possible to bring the matter to the notice of your many readers.

H. G. LUXE.
Leinster-road, Kilmarnock, N.W.6.

MILK V. BEER.

ONE of your correspondents suggests that he finds that a stimulant, such as a bottle of stout or a bottle of ale, has a more invigorating effect than any other drink in this weather.

NEVER TOO HOT FOR A GIRL TO DANCE!



Why is it that our women complain all day long of the heat, and yet manage to dance all night without the slightest symptom of exhaustion?

as my ceiling and faint breezes to cool my heated brow.

Sleeping in the open gives one an excellent appetite, and is certainly the only way to keep cool in bed.

OVER-AT SLEEPERS.

NO INSECTS?

MR. BROOME tells us that we have no insects in London. I wonder if he lives here! If so, I should like to ask him to sit in any back garden at night. He would find a plentiful supply of midges, gnats and other irritating animals.

BITTEN BY GNATS.

I WAS sitting by an open window when I read Mr. Broome's article with an electric lamp by my side. The whole room was very soon full of fluttering moths and other strange creatures.

And yet Mr. Broome thinks there are no insects here!

L. M. T.

SUMMER DRINKS.

THE best drink for hot weather—and a good drink at any time—is draught cider, "medium-sweet." "Rough" or sour cider is a good thirst quencher, but it does not suit all palates, and for general purposes the "medium sweet" is the better.

A little alcohol in a long summer drink promotes healthy perspiration and prevents that "waterlogged feeling." Cider has enough alcohol for the purpose; and, being in its nature more akin to wine than to beer, it is weakened, but not spoiled, by the addition of water, if a lighter drink is required.

CIDER COOLERS.

It may not be generally known that alcohol is not a stimulant at all, but a powerful narcotic, and is therefore very harmful. I always take a glass of cold milk, and find it a cooling and healthy drink and food combined.

E. D. S.

DRY SHIPS.

WHAT a wonderful nation America is! How beautifully she manages to get her own way always!

We read in connection with some of the Leviathan crew alleged to be deserters from British ships that "the position is that the liner, though in a British port, is still American territory, and no arrests can be made on board." Dear me! Dare it be suggested that a British ship, though in an American port, is still British territory, and Britain is not "dry"?

HAROLD B. ABSORT.

SPOILT PICNICS.

THE best way to deal with a picnic is to make all arrangements with reservations. I never build hopes on having a fine day, and then descend to the depths of despair because it rains.

If the day does not look promising I cancel the picnic.

That is better than coming home wet and depressed!

CAUTIONS.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man can produce great things who is not thoroughly sincere in dealing with himself.—Lowell.

TRAFFIC CHAOS IN BIG CITIES.

RECENT EXPERIENCES IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

By P. C. THOMSON.

ONE day last week I had to catch a train from Charing Cross.

I was in Long Acre, and having only ten minutes, I took a taxi. No sooner was I in it than a mountainous haystack stood in front of the taxi, and a motor lorry behind. I was wedged there, unable to move either way. The other half of the street was being repaired.

There was nothing for it but to get out, which I did, paid my shilling for a short rest in the cab, and ran perspiring to Charing Cross, only to miss my train.

Early in the day I had been "held up" in another taxi behind one of the most amazing objects I have ever seen trundled in the streets of our happy-go-lucky city.

It seemed to be an entire Metropolitan Railway carriage, gleaming red. This was mounted upon a gigantic lorry towed by a huge steam engine.

The Juggernaut was, in fact, a train—a train slowly ploughing its way through the swifter-moving traffic. And for about a quarter of a mile that traffic dodged round it and lingered behind it. This does our "traffic chaos" arise and thus is it perpetuated!

And nobody seems to mind! Or at least, if anybody does, nobody suggests a remedy.

This indifference to an avoidable inconvenience is more annoying than the inconvenience itself.

NOBODY CARES!

Buses stand puffing uselessly in dozens. The faces of the apparent business men in them remain placidly motionless under their business-like bowlers. It may be the best way to bear a hardship, but it is the worst way to get rid of it. The civilised Londoner will bear with infinite patience trials which a Moujik in Tsarist Russia would have cried out at!

The fable of the hare and the tortoise is not inapplicable to the pedestrian and the taxi rider.

I believe that often the tortoise-like pedestrian could get from Knightsbridge to Piccadilly faster than the hare in the motor who crawls along behind a wagon of beer barrels, and pauses for a sleep at Hyde Park Corner, Berkeley-street, Dover-street and Bond-street.

If I could only be sure of getting an iced drink at the other end, I would go on foot always. But ice is as rare in this not over-warm country of ours as is a perfectly repaired and perfectly blockless Strand.

In spite of all that has been said, therefore, I am very pessimistic about the prospects of reasonably fast progress in the streets of London. Englishmen have a way of tolerating certain abuses as though they were inevitable. The absence of ice on a hot day in a large restaurant, thunderstorms, Dora, a sunless May and June are all borne with the same fatalistic resignation.

Nowhere is this patience (or is it lethargy?) more admirably revealed than in a block of traffic.

But never is this chaos so tiresome as in hot weather, when jammed motors and perspiring horses stand motionless for hours in the sun.



When the Sun Parches

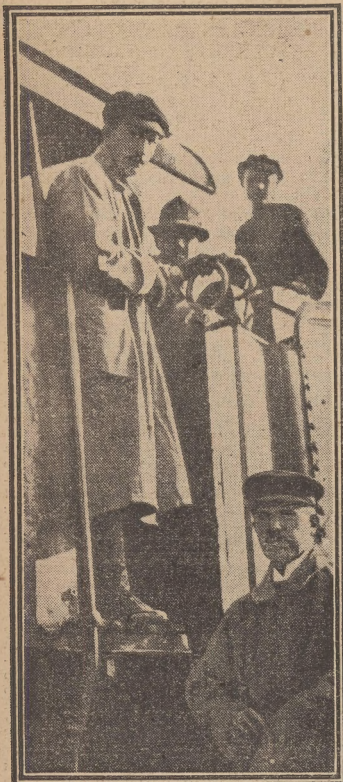
Try a brisk, crisp glass of ENO'S Fruit Salt. It cools the blood, relieves that parched feeling and does not eventually make you feel hotter and thirstier than before. ENO'S really quenches thirst, because though so pleasant to the taste it contains no sugar or other sweetening matter.

HANDY SIZE

1/9

ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"

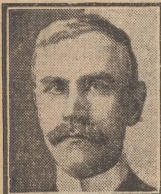
ROYAL ENGINE-DRIVER



King Boris of Bulgaria on the footplate of the engine which drew the first train over the new railway between Sofia and Vidin. He is an expert driver.



TO MEET DEMPSEY?—Luis Firpo, the Argentinian boxer, who beat Jess Willard by a knock-out in the eighth round of the contest at Jersey City. He hopes later to meet Dempsey in a world's championship contest.



Senator Reed Smoot, of Utah, U.S.A., who has arrived in London. He proposes to study European economic conditions on the spot.



Princess Yourievsky, youngest daughter of Tsar Alexander II, of Russia, who is to appear in the London Coliseum programme.

HOLIDAY CROWD SEES HARWICH PIER ABLAZE



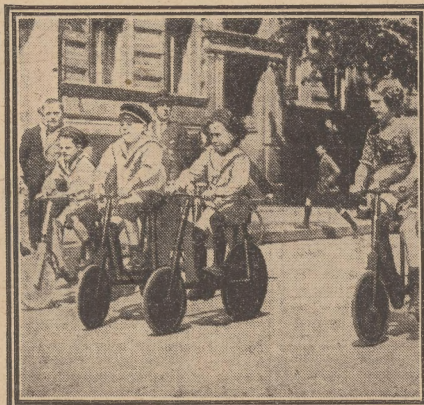
A crowd on Harwich pier watching a fire at the sea end of the pier, which suffered severely in an outbreak yesterday. The steamer services are not affected, as the damaged portion has been disused for some time past.



Pillow-fighting in nice cool water was a most popular item.



The Marchioness of Blandford was an interested spectator at the sports.



NEW STYLE CYCLES.—Children riding the solid-wheel cycles now coming into vogue in Germany. They have ordinary pneumatic tyres, but are very cheap.



LIFE GUARDS' SPORTS.—Wrestling on horseback was one of the events on the programme at the regimental sports held by the 1st and 2nd Life Guards at Windsor yesterday.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General



Mlle. de la Panouse, daughter of General de la Panouse, French Military Attaché in London.



The Countess of Malmebury, whose husband was recently appointed Lord-in-Waiting to the King.

ETON AND CRICKET.

The Prince's Garden-Party — Peregrine Falcon—Hot Weather Entertaining.

THE ETON AND HARROW match, which commenced yesterday at Lord's, proved to be a bigger social event than the Varsity match earlier in the week. The grand stand seemed almost monopolised by old Etonians, among whom I noticed Lord Ullswater, Earl Bathurst, Lord Ellesmere and, of course, the ever-green Lord Hawke.

Among the Coaches.

Among those who had coaches and landaus, the Etonians also predominated. The Duke of Newcastle had a party, as did Lord Milmay and Viscount Hambleden, all three old Etonians. Among well-known Harrovians I noticed Viscount Long of Wraxall, and the Hon. F. S. Jackson also had found time from his parliamentary duties to see his old school at play.

Club Tents.

Many clubs had marquees and entertained hungry and thirsty members, with their families, at lunch time. These clubs included Public Schools, Naval and Military, Guards, Old Etonians, Windham's, Badminton and Green Jackets. The young Etonians and Harrovians wore the regulation top hat with great cheerfulness, and so did their elders, which shows how strong these traditions of etiquette are.

An Eton Boast.

Many a chronicler of Eton has paid tribute to the part the college played in giving new life to cricket a generation or so ago. At a time when the finest of games was in a low state in the country it took on a new lease of life at Eton, with the result that it revived throughout the counties.

A Leg Up.

Many are the yarns which gather around the Eton and Harrow match. F. S. Jackson had played brilliantly on one occasion, and declared that he was pleased he had done well, as "it would give his governor a good leg up." The "governor" was his father, Mr. W. L. Jackson, who was contesting a Leeds constituency, and who became Lord Allerton.

Two Hours of "Welfare."

There was a solid two hours of talk at the Lyceum Club yesterday when Mrs. Roscoe Brunner and the Dowager Lady Boyle gave a luncheon to a hundred women. The idea was to get women interested in a co-ordination of the many "welfare" schemes that at present overlap or suffer from isolation. One lady rated journalists for describing what women at public functions wear, instead of what they say, but she forgot that the good journalist considers only what is of public interest.

Athletic Peer.

Lord Rochdale, who is giving the 100 yards prize at to-day's Imperial Sports at Wembley Stadium, is a fine all-round sportsman and, at the age of fifty-seven, wins tennis matches on the Riviera. Shortly after the South African war, Mr. George Kemp, as he then was, was in the Mount Nelson Hotel, Capetown. Talk ran on athletics and a certain individual bet Sir George £10 that he could not run the mile in five and a half minutes.

Now He Wins.

Kemp accepted and went into stiff training, but could not get anywhere near the time. He trained all the way home, running round the deck with magnificent assiduity and at Stamford Bridge, in a gale of wind and with a professional time-keeper, he did the mile in 5 minutes 29 1/2 seconds.



Lord Rochdale.

Lord Hugh's Flannels.

The heat was again severely felt at St. Stephen's. Almost every member appeared to have discarded his waistcoat and even then looked far from cool. In the library members were seen dealing with their correspondence divested of both coat and waistcoat! Lord Hugh Cecil's white flannel trousers excited speculation as to whether this sartorial innovation will be followed by other legislators during the prevalence of the heat wave.

Lady Astor's Bill.

Lady Astor received many congratulations yesterday on the passage of her Bill through the Commons prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor to persons under eighteen years of age. The measure has still to run the gauntlet in the Upper House, but no serious or protracted opposition is anticipated there.

Family Gathering.

I noticed, by the way, that Lady Astor was wearing a new hat in the House yesterday; a transparent creation in black. Lord Astor, in a grey suit, watched his wife's triumph from the Peers' Gallery, and in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery was Lord Astor's son.

The New Lady Esher.

The new Lady Belper ought to prove a very successful hostess, as she is a clever girl, full of high spirits and very accomplished. Her education has been of the variety known as "all-round," and for some time she attended cookery classes at the High School at Ipswich. Although she sometimes surreptitiously put dough to unexpected uses, I'm told, she turned into an excellent cook.

American Leading Lady.

Justine Johnstone, who has been called the most beautiful American actress, will, I hear, be leading lady to Jack Buchanan when the latter appears in "Toni," which will first be seen in the provinces. Recently



Miss Justine Johnstone

Miss Johnstone has been acting almost exclusively for the films, and has run the Justine Johnstone Club, a fashionable dancing place in New York.

"Rain."

I hear that the play "Rain," which is one of the great successes of the New York season, is to be seen in London shortly. Mr. Cochran has secured it. The piece is by Somerset Maugham, based on one of his own short stories in "The Trembling of a Leaf."

Fair-Haired Beauty.

The American idea of English female beauty is that it is always blonde. Mr. Charlot, who is taking the "London Revue of 1924" to New York, tells me that he wants to gratify the American taste for fair hair, but finds it difficult to get chorus girls who have that qualification, in addition to some necessary theatrical talent. Strangely enough, six out of every seven applicants are dark, and, as a rule, the brunettes show more promise than the blondes.

Listening-In Cars.

A fleet of motor-cars fitted with wireless receivers to enable dancers to take a ride in the Park while listening-in is to be one of the many novel features of the Air League Royal Ball, which will be attended by the Duke and Duchess of York, at the Albert Hall on Tuesday. An air raid will be "staged" by members of the Air League and the 2nd London Air Defence Brigade. The R.A.F. string band is to play alternately with the Clifford Essex Band. Mr. Paul Whiteman and his band will also perform, and Miss Vanda Hoffe is to introduce some special exhibition dances.

St. James' Palace Gardens.

The gardens of St. James' Palace, which lie under the windows of York House and Clarence House, were thronged with people yesterday afternoon, when the Prince of Wales and his aunt—and cousin—Princess Alice of Athlone, gave a garden-party there for the League of Mercy. The gardens are particularly adapted for entertaining in the heat, as there are several large and shady trees, also a natural stage made by a huge grass mound running between the gardens and the Mall.

Peregrines and Pigeons.

I am told that as a result of the case recently heard at Llandudno, when the peregrine falcon was proved to be a desperate enemy to the homing pigeon, the former may expect within a very short time to have his name removed from the schedule of protected English wild birds. But as he still builds in such inaccessible places as the summit of Salisbury Spire, and occasionally, I believe, on the top of St. Paul's, he is not likely to be wiped out.

Dove and Eagle.

Talking of birds of prey, I see that the great golden eagle surmounting the Air Force Memorial on the Victoria Embankment, which is to be opened to-day, was raised to his present splendid position by the old contracting firm of Dove Brothers. This is turning the other cheek with a vengeance.

Deserted Law Courts.

The Law Courts, which have been almost deserted in the past few weeks owing to the absence of so many Judges on circuit, are beginning to get busy again. The Bench will not be at full strength for more than a week this side the vacation, as the business of the Northern and Midland circuits is, I understand, particularly heavy.

Wigs On or Off?

In the Chancery Division Mr. Justice Astbury has set the fashion of sitting without his wig during this intensely hot spell. Some, but not all, of the counsel who are now engaged in a protracted case before his Lordship, have followed his example, which so far has not spread to the King's Bench Courts, where the temperature is more likely to be high than in the prosaic Chancery Division.

Sancta Simplicitas.

There is great virtue in simplicity. I heard the other day of a young man who wandered into a suburban post office and asked to be supplied with a poet's licence.



Mrs. Dudley Coats, formerly Miss Aubrey James, regarded as one of the beauties of English society.



Miss Violet Guthrie, whose mother, Mrs. Murray Guthrie, is a director of Chalmers, Guthrie and Co.

The New Mode.

The heat-wave has encouraged many people to arrange for parties out of London for the winding up of the season. The Earl and Countess of Stradbroke are giving a dinner for their third daughter, Lady Betty Rous, at Hurlingham on July 23, with a dance to follow, and Sir Victor and Lady Warrender are also giving a dinner and dance there next Tuesday. Lady Warrender has another reason than the heat—a party at home disturbs the household arrangements too much when there are two babies in the nursery.

Authors v. Publishers.

Members of the Authors' Club hope to arrange a cricket match against the publishers. It is not necessary, however, to be a member of the club in order to participate in the encounter, and authors who are also cricketers are invited to communicate with either Mr. H. M. Walbrook, of the Authors' Club, or Mr. G. Horbert Thring, of the Incorporated Society of Authors, setting forth their school, University or county records.

Olympic Stamps.

France, I hear, is to mark the occasion of the Olympic Games which are to be held in Paris next year, by the issue of a special set of Olympic Games postage stamps, which will probably bear athletic designs. They will, I am told, only be valid for a short time.

From My Diary.

Take off your flesh and sit in your bones.—
Sydney Smith. THE RAMBLER.

Caley's

Holiday Chats

Breezes that Purify.

THE bracing East Coast is a familiar description even to those who have never experienced its invigorating air. The breezes which blow so clean and exhilarating from the North Sea course inland over stretches of almost entirely flat country, so that marine and rural influences become beautifully blended.

The House of Caley is fortunate in having its home amid such perfectly healthy surroundings. Standing on one of the highest parts of the East Anglian capital, Caley's spacious new factories are continually pervaded with this pure crystal, bracing air. There is no smoke or grimy atmosphere to contend with.

This is undoubtedly one of the reasons why Caley's chocolate has always such a fresh flavour and so clean and seductive an appearance. Purity of quality is the first law of Caley's manufactures, and purity can only be assured amid the healthiest environment.

Visitors to the East Coast should not only purchase Caley's Chocolates themselves but should send home to their friends gifts of the same as representative of a famous local production.

For every-day eating Caley's Marching Chocolate is to be preferred to any other brand because it does not create thirst and is wonderfully sustaining. You can always tell it by its blue and khaki wrapper.

*"Slip in the pocket of your jacket
That little blue and khaki packet"*

AND BE CONTENTED.

A. J. CALEY & SON, LTD., NORWICH and LONDON.



BLIND MAN'S PROMPT BRAVERY



Mr. M. Coe, a completely blind man, of Cheriton, near Folkestone, with one of the little children whom he saved from danger by stopping a runaway horse and cart. The children were playing in the road, and Mr. Coe, on hearing that the horse was racing towards them, stood in the centre of the road waving his arms and brought the animal to a standstill. It then allowed itself to be led quietly away.

LONDON TRIES TO SOLVE THE HEAT



Sleep on the roof is the cool suggestion of this girl Londoner.



The lunch-hour siesta as seen on the Victoria Embankment.



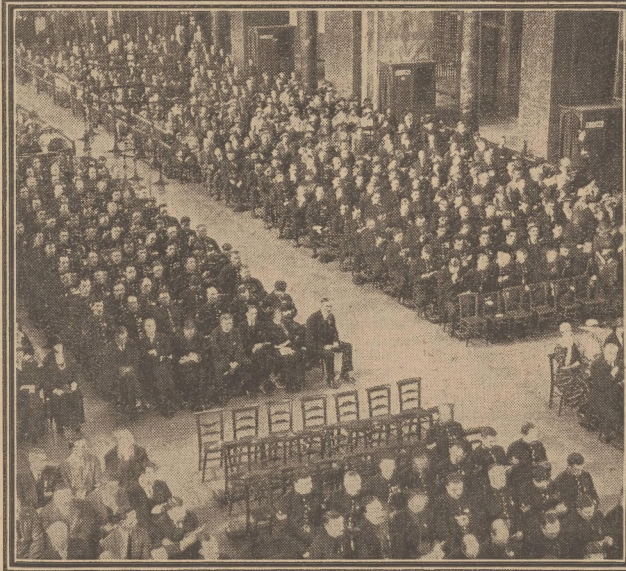
GENTLEMAN JOCKEY WED.—Captain Geoffrey Harbord Bennet, the well-known steeplechase rider, and his bride, Miss Cicely Clayton Swan, after their wedding at St. George's, Hanover-square.



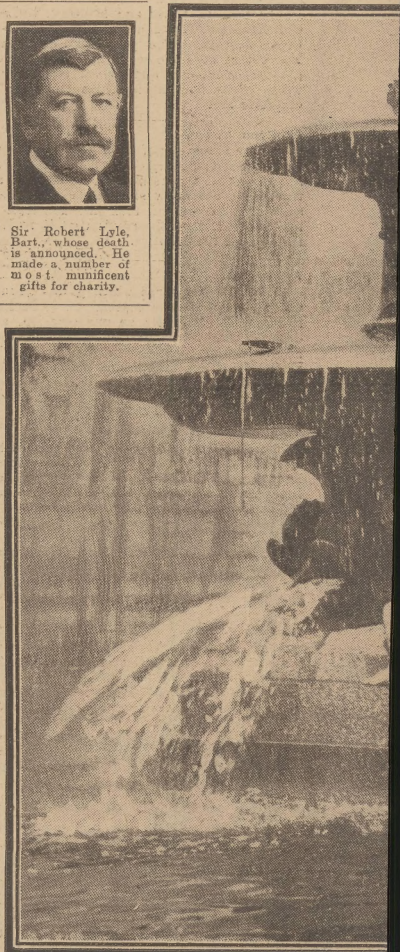
Sir Robert Lyle, Bart., whose death is announced. He made a number of most munificent gifts for charity.



DANGEROUS PATIENT.—Mr. J. R. Harshorne, of the Peoples' Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, treating a dog-faced baboon suffering from sunstroke. These baboons are exceedingly ferocious and doctoring them is risky.



THE POLICE AT PRAYER.—The scene in Westminster Cathedral yesterday during the service held by the Roman Catholic Guild and attended by members from the Metropolitan Police. There was a large congregation.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



A Trafalgar-square study of the heat wave is, for the present, the predominant in everyone's mind as to how to keep cool.

HAVE PROBLEM OF KEEPING COOL



bankment yesterday afternoon.



Lieutenant H. R. P. Webster, of the Royal Engineers, who has been killed on the North-West Frontier of India.



of London life, and the thought uppermost are some solutions of the problem.



U.S. athletes in training at Wembley getting a cooler from the groundsman's spray.



Mrs. Butterworth greeting one of her sons. Both are playing for Harrow.

ETON AND HARROW AT LORD'S



Top, R. E. C. Butterworth getting a loose ball from Cobbold to the boundary. Below, C. O. Brigstoke, who scored 47 not out. Both are Harrow batsmen.



The animated scene around the stand at tea-time.



Lady Mary Thynne among the throng waiting for admission to the ground.

Lord's looked its best yesterday, when an invasion of pretty sisters and proud mothers made the Eton and Harrow match an occasion of brilliance and beauty. The cricket was full of interest, smart fielding by Eton atoning for a certain lack of sting in their bowling on a hard pitch. Harrow compiled a total of 322 in their first innings.



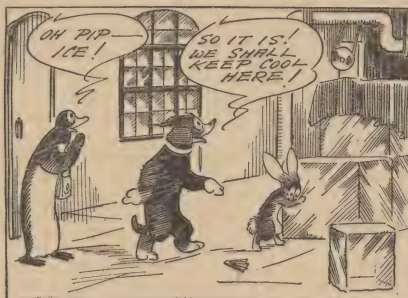
SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

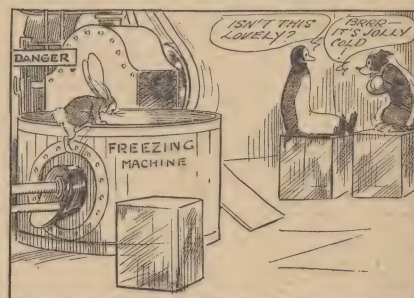
No. 92.—WILFRED, FROZEN IN A BLOCK OF ICE, GETS COOL AT LAST!



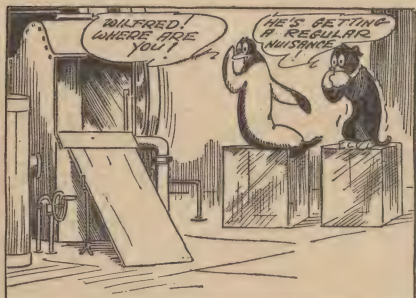
1. Walking out yesterday, the pets, suffering greatly from the heat, came to a big, cool-looking building.



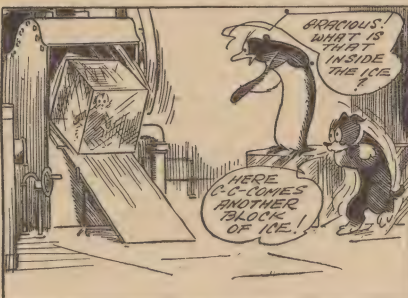
2. It was an ice-factory; and weren't they overjoyed when they walked inside and found ice everywhere!



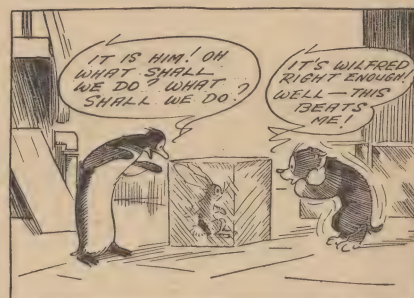
3. Pip and Squeak promptly sat on some blocks of ice, but Wilfred, feeling curious, started exploring.



4. Climbing to the top of a big "Freezing Machine," he slipped inside. Squeak called to him in vain.



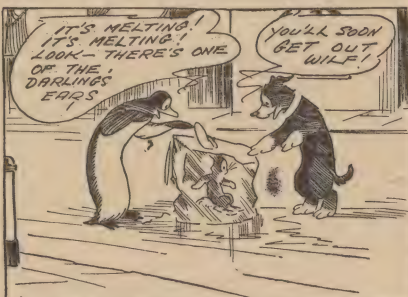
5. Suddenly from the machine, a large block of ice, with something curious inside, slid down a plank.



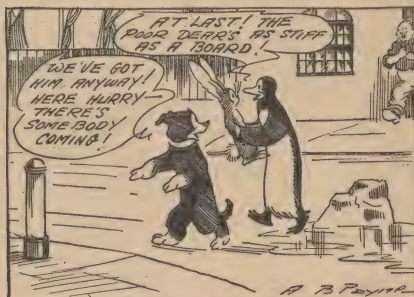
6. The creature inside the ice was Wilfred—there was no doubt about it! Squeak was simply terrified.



7. "Quick—get the ice in the sun!" cried Pip. Together they pushed the frozen Wilfred outside.



8. The block of ice melted quite quickly in the hot sunshine. "Look—his ears!" cried Squeak.



9. At last they got him out. A very chilly experience for Wilfred—but very nice for us to look at!

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 22.

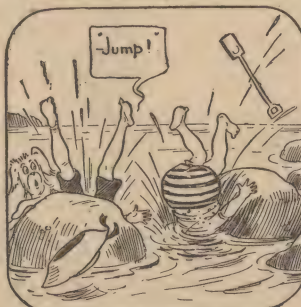
Herbert's best intentions always seem to go wrong at the critical moment. Once again he finds himself in trouble.



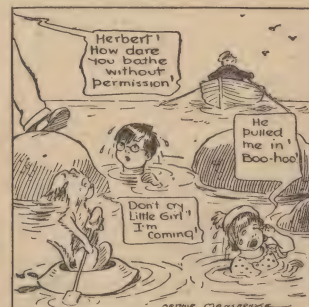
1. A little girl had been cut off by the tide, so Herbert went to help her.



2. "Get ready to jump!" he said; but just then his foot slipped.



3. Both he and the little girl got a good ducking, and then Herbert's father—



4. —arrived, and wanted to know why he was bathing without permission!

DOUGLAS DUCK AND HIS FRIEND



TOTO'S BATH.

How the Funny Chimpanzee Keeps Cool.

WHEN next you go to the Zoo be sure to visit Toto, the funny chimpanzee. If you are lucky, you may see him having his daily bath.

Some time ago it was noticed that Toto's "hands" were getting very rough, so the chimpanzee was given a basin of water, a sponge, some soap and a towel.

Toto was delighted. He tore up the sponge and began cleaning out his cage with the towel. But he very soon began to appreciate his daily bath, and got himself quite clean.

Sometimes, it is true, he uses the towel as a kind of hat, but that is only



Toto has his daily bath.

when he is feeling particularly mischievous. He has never taken kindly to the sponge, however, and he is now given a piece of flannel instead. Sometimes he uses this to wash his face; at others he scrubs the floor of his cage with it.

All Toto now wants is a looking-glass and a nice little brush and comb, and he would soon become the most gentlemanly chimpanzee in the world. But perhaps this would hardly do, for some of the other animals might become jealous of him.

If you could choose, what animal in the whole world would you least like to be?—A little otter.



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, July 14, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Now we know what it feels like to go lion-hunting in Central Africa or riding camels across the scorching desert! I am sure the heat in those tropical places could not be much worse than it is this morning, as I sit here writing to you. But—don't let's talk about it! It's a funny thing, but the more you mention the word h— the hotter you become. Let's talk and think of cooling things.

If you are suffering from the h— to-day I can give you a splendid remedy. Just cut out the picture of Wilfred in to-day's extraordinary adventure (the one showing him frozen solid in a block of ice), and gaze at it solidly for five minutes, and I guarantee you will feel as cool as a cucumber.

UNDERNEATH THE COOL, GREEN SEA.

It must have been a most chilly experience for Wilfred—he reminds me of a prawn served up in aspic or jelly—but he certainly kept very cool, and, although he took some time to thaw, he suffered, I am glad to say, no ill effects.

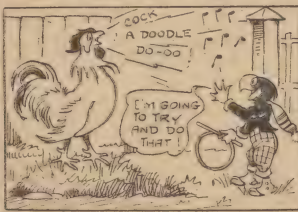
Another way to keep cool is to imagine you are a fish. I went bathing in the sea the other night, and, swimming about near the bottom, I thought how delicious it would be to be a dab or even a humble shrimp. Swimming with my eyes open I could see the pebbles quite clearly and little "forests" of bright green seaweed.

Living in such a beautiful cool world, with nothing to do and no worries of any kind, you wouldn't like to be a shrimp?

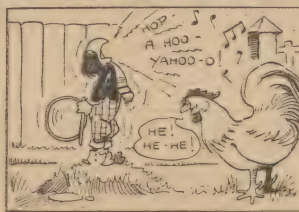
Of course, shrimps sometimes get caught, and then their fate is not so pleasant, but I think I would take the risk—in this tropical weather, at least!

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

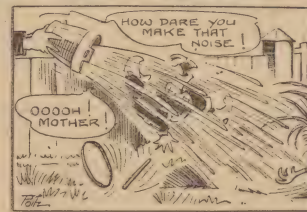
ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE: Horace wanted to be musical, but his voice didn't seem to be appreciated.



1. Hearing a cockerel singing, Horace decided that he would like to try, too.



2. But his efforts were not very successful—even the cockerel had to laugh at him.



3. The noise became so dreadful that someone in the next-house got quite angry.

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY



BY CYNTHIA GORDON.

FOR NEW READERS.

Pamela, Paul and Babs find a secret door leading into a wonderful chemical laboratory. While they are exploring it the door shuts and they are locked inside. Suddenly they hear someone tapping on the door.

THE MYSTERIOUS CASKET.

"LISTEN! There it is again!" cried Paul. "Can the children all looked at each other with eager eyes. Tap! tap! tap! someone was tapping on the little green door.

"Call out—praps it's Mrs. Wiggs," said Pamela. Paul stood up and shouted at the top of his voice: "Hullo! Who is there? We are locked in here!"

There was a short pause, and then they heard a man's voice from the other side of the door. "Hullo! hullo! I'll get you out! Don't worry!" "Who are you?" cried Paul.

"I'm a detective," came the reply. "I've come to help you. Do you know how to open the door, or shall I break the lock?" "There isn't a lock!" shouted the boy. "We can't open it here, but you can from your side," and he hurriedly explained the position of the buttons to the man.

At last the final button clicked, and, to the delight of the three young prisoners, the door swung open again, shedding a stream of light in the dusky laboratory.

The next minute a bearded face appeared in the aperture, and a big, well-made man, with keen grey eyes, crawled through on his hands and knees. He smiled pleasantly as he rose to his full height, and gave an anxious, searching glance round the little room. "Hum! not a very nice place to be shut up in!" he remarked. "I expect you were getting rather frightened." "We were a little worried," admitted Pamela. "Thank you ever so much."

"Are you a detective?" asked Paul, looking keenly at the newcomer.

"Yes," the man replied, as he placed a box against the little green door to prevent it shutting again. "Mrs. Wiggs telephoned for me. I have come to—er—to have a look round."



A big, bearded man crawled through on his hands and knees.

He walked slowly forward, keenly examining everything in the laboratory, and making jerky remarks every two or three seconds. "Hum! chemical laboratory, evidently! Wireless! Four-valve set, and a grand one, too! Professor Pigeon is a clever man; does he work here?"

"I suppose so," replied Paul cautiously. "You know, we've no right to be here at all, really. Does—er—does the Professor know you've come?"

The detective bent down and examined a test-tube on the table. "No—yes, I mean: I think he knows," he replied. "But—I say, do you know what the Professor is working on here?"

"I don't know," replied Paul, shortly. Somehow he didn't altogether trust the detective.

"I believe he is making a wonderful new wireless thing," said Babs, suddenly. "He told me it would make him famous." Paul looked at her and winked, as a sign for her to be silent; but the little girl went on: "I believe the secret's in that casket."

"What, this one?" cried the man, with a note of eagerness in his voice, and he picked up the little casket on the table.

"No, that's nothing!" said Paul, quickly. "Yes, yes, yes it is!" cried Babs. "The Professor told me—"

"Hush! Be quiet, you silly girl!" whispered her brother, seizing her wrist. "You mustn't tell all the Professor's secrets!"

The detective had not overheard; he was deeply interested in the casket, turning it over and over in his hands and eagerly examining the lock. "Have you got the key?" he asked, looking up.

"What do you want it for?" demanded Paul, suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing. I just wondered—but, no, I think I'll take the casket up to the Professor," went on the man. "You just wait here," and he stepped towards the door.

Paul hesitated a moment. Then he suddenly seemed to make up his mind, and, leaning forward, he grabbed at the man's bushy black beard.

There was a sharp cry of rage and surprise as the detective stepped back, dropping the casket; his whiskers had come right off in the boy's hand. The man's face was pale.

"I thought so! I thought so!" shouted Paul triumphantly, pointing to the man's angry and confused face. "You are not a detective at all!"

Pamela and Babs uttered two screams. The "detective" was their old enemy, the mysterious Mr. Morgan!

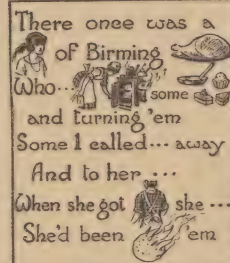
(Another thrilling instalment next Saturday.)

HOLIDAY PRIZES.

£20 for Solving This Puzzle Limerick.

THE little picture below represents a funny limerick in puzzle language. Some of the words are denoted by pictures, while others have been purposely left out. In each case where a word is left out three dots have been put.

When you have solved the limerick, write it neatly on a postcard and send it, with your name, age and address,

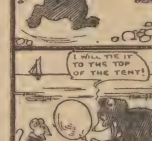
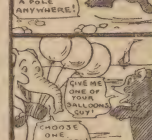


to Uncle Dick (Limerick), "Pip and Squeak," care of The Daily Mirror, 29, Boulevard-street, London, E.C. 4. For the correct and neatest solutions sent in I am offering:—

First Prize	£20 0 0
Second Prize	10 0 0
Third Prize	1 0 0
Forty Prizes of	0 5 0
Forty Prizes of	0 2 6

Make a special effort to win a prize this week. Just think how useful a little extra pocket-money will be during the holidays. You may only enter for this competition, the closing date of which is July 20, if you are under sixteen.

IF YOUR TENT-POLE BREAKS, WHY



NOT USE SOME BALLOONS INSTEAD?

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

By
VALENTINE

HOW THE STORY BEGAN.

JOHN SMITH, a clean-living, wholesome young Englishman, is running a curio shop for a comrade injured in the war, when one day he witnesses an accident through the shop window. An exceedingly pretty young girl is run down by a careless taxi-driver, and John Smith, dashing out, carries her inert form into the shop and sends for a doctor.

PEGGY.

She proves to have received no worse hurt than a strained ankle, and takes her home, where he is cordially thanked by the girl's kindly father, Dr. Chelsfield. Her name, he learns, is Peggy. Reginald Sturry, her father, is a frequent visitor to the Chelsfields, where he is in the warm favour of Mrs. Chelsfield, a snobbish woman. He is jealous when he sees the ripening intimacy between Smith and Peggy, and, proposing to Peggy, is refused. A remark let fall by Peggy's uncle, Sir Martin Wyvold, the celebrated K.C., suggests that there has been something queer about John Smith's past, and Sturry cunningly makes inquiries and gets on the track of the truth.

In the old-world Devon home of John's uncle, Mary and Rebecca Tuson, it transpires that John is the son of John Parman-Smith, who received seven years' penal servitude for fraud eighteen years ago and disappeared after his release. John has been kept in complete ignorance of this, and he is at his aunt's home when his father unexpectedly returns. The old ladies persuade John's father to keep his identity a secret, and are dismayed when John takes a liking to him and gives him employment in his shop. Anxious about Peggy's welfare, Sir Martin visits John to discover for himself whether he is an honourable man. There he encounters Reginald Sturry and recognises him. Certain facts almost convince him that John Parman-Smith was wrongly condemned.

ENEMIES AND FRIENDS.

SIR JOHN STURRY, Baronet, head of the financial house of Sturry and Son, Ltd., sits in his luxurious office in Throgmorton-street.

A powerful and compelling character, you would have thought, had you seen him sitting there, pre-eminently the type who would be in the position he was.

In appearance he was tall and rather spare, with neatly-trimmed black beard and moustache flecked with grey; keen, sunken eyes, and gold-rimmed pince-nez with a broad black ribbon. One would have called him grim and somewhat taciturn, a man who spoke little and smiled less, one who seemed always to be thinking out deep problems and whose most trivial action was the result of forethought.

Obviously it was his way to put a high value on his own importance, as a man controlling such big interests should.

Sir John Sturry looked up sharply from the letter he was dictating as the door opened and his son came in.

"Want to see you, Reggie," he said. "All right, Miss Mason, finish that letter and then you can go."

As the girl shut up her notebook and left the room he turned to his son.

"Your mother tells me you are contemplating getting engaged," he said in the tone of a man who has no time for sentimentality.

"That's right, father. At least, I was."

"Was? What do you mean?"

"I mean," with a dry laugh, "that I'm not considering it so seriously now."

"Why not?"

"I suppose mother has told you who the girl is?" queried the son.

"A Miss Chelsfield, I understand—the daughter of a Dr. Chelsfield in St. John's Wood."

The other nodded.

"Well, she's refused me."

"What for?"

"My dear father, we're not discussing Throgmorton-street. You're accustomed to get your own way here simply because you're—well, who you are. I proposed to Miss Chelsfield and she refused me. There you are."

"Only a fool takes 'no' from a girl as final," said his father.

"Possibly, but there are other reasons."

"What are they?"

Reggie Sturry had a very high opinion of his father's brain, and a sudden idea came into his head. Suppose he were to hint to his father what he knew about John Smith and ask his advice? If his father's ideas coincided with his own it would be much easier then for him to go to Dr. Chelsfield and say, "So distressed was I and doubtful of what was my real duty that I went to my father and he insisted on my coming to you. Frankly, sir, I hate doing it, especially as I had the honour of proposing to your daughter and she refused me. It looks rather like a dog in the manger, but believe me, sir..." Yes, the idea was quite a good one. And it would be bound to come back to Reggie later on, for, of course, she'd have nothing to do with John Smith after she knew.

Reggie Sturry drew up his chair a little closer to his father, lowering his voice slightly.

"I'm in a bit of a quandary," he said, confidentially, "and I don't know how, as an honourable man, I ought to act."

He outlined as much as he knew of John Smith's antecedents, and then sat back waiting his opinion.

His father lit a cigarette and then brought the tips of his white fingers together.

"Your obvious duty," he said deliberately, "is to acquaint Dr. Chelsfield with your suspicions and to withhold nothing."

He sighed, and almost seemed that he had

already decided on his verdict before listening to his son's story. Reggie got up.

"I'm glad your opinion coincides with mine, father," he said, and went out of the room.

He seemed suddenly quite cheerful. But Sir John Sturry sat motionless in his chair, gazing at his table. He seemed to be lost in a maze of deep thought.

Sir Martin Wyvold was not a man to do things by halves. He deemed himself very definitely pledged to John Smith, and even more definitely pledged to Peggy, and with his characteristic thoroughness he was determined to leave no stone unturned to ensure their happiness, present and future.

To this end, unknown to anyone, he took train down to Devonshire three days later and sent in his card to Miss Tuson.

He rose to his feet as both the old ladies came into the room, a little nervously perhaps, and he owned to himself that he would willingly have avoided what he was going to say.

He saw that these two simple old souls would have to be very tenderly handled. Obviously, they were of a different world from his own—a sheltered world, untouched by the rough usages of life. He would have to soften his disclosures, use infinite tact, and let them see at once that he was their friend.

"Sir Martin Wyvold?" said the elder of the two ladies.

The barrister bowed.

"This is my sister. She wishes to be present to hear anything you may have to say."

"There was something slightly defensive in the elder Miss Tuson's manner.

The barrister smiled. Delighted, I'm sure. I know your nephew well. I am glad to meet the two aunts who are so dear to him."

"John is all the world to us," replied Miss Mary simply.

"I don't wonder," he agreed. "He is a fine lad, Miss Tuson, a real fine lad."

"We think so, my sister and I. And we ought to know. He has been in our care since he was ten years old."

The K.C. leaned forward in his chair. He could see that they were both a little puzzled about the object of his visit, and to go on talking merely in praise of John Smith would be mere waste of time.

Miss Tuson, he said, "let me preface my remarks by assuring you both that your boy's welfare is almost, if such a thing could be, as

much as mine."

"I have heard such a lot about you, Mr. Smith," she said, as she shook hands with the young man. "Sir Martin is my oldest friend. There's Peggy Chelsfield over here. Go and talk to her, otherwise she'll have her programme filled up. She's always in demand at my dances."

John Smith needed no second invitation, but when he saw her looking so sweet and lovely he felt strangely tongue-tied.

"May I—may I book one or two dances?" Peggy handed him her programme, smiling.

"How many may I have?"

"How many do you want?" she said, teasing him.

"Just as many as you can spare."

"Let's say six," she answered, dimpling.

"Though don't forget I'm not the only girl in the room."

To John Smith that evening felt like some wonderful dream. He danced with certain other girls, but he was hardly conscious of them. His thoughts were all of Peggy. Yet when she was in his arms he had no wish to talk. It was enough to know that she was there. Even Sturry, who was present, failed to spoil his evening, although Peggy gave him two dances.

For John Smith realised more than ever now the little bond of unspoken love that was between him and the girl, and that was enough for him.

A dreamy waltz had just ended, and a hush

walked out together into the garden. A hush

fell between them, and a hush

they wanted to break. Over all was the calm

sweetness of the summer night, with the fragrance of a thousand scents in the air. Who has

not known the magic of such a moment, when heart calls to heart and the hour seems attuned to love?

As they turned the corner into the rose garden a nightingale suddenly broke out into liquid

passion, thrilling them both. Scarcely was it

over when she did the girl turned to the man at her

side and for a moment their eyes met and held each other. "Dearest!"

As if in a dream he put out his arms to her, and without a word she came to him as

straight as a homing bird to its nest. So for a while they stood reading the message in each other's eyes, and the love of all the ages singing in their hearts.

"I love you, my darling, I love you!" he murmured.

Neither of them saw the malevolent face that peered at them through the dusk.

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whose manner so tender. Everything about Peggy and her father he told them that afternoon, giving a picture of the young girl that brought tears to the eyes of his listeners.

"I love my little niece," he said in conclusion, "and I am beginning to love your boy as well. I cannot break the happiness of two lives for the sake of a parent who erred in the eyes of the world. If I read the signs aright they will be engaged ere long," he smiled a little, "and from then onwards we must all of us watch over and guard them. There is a little difficulty, but it is not a big one. I refer to the birth certificate John will be required to produce when he gets married."

"But supposing Doctor Chelsfield sees that?" was the anxious query.

"I think we can get over it. We lawyers, remember, are accustomed to little problems like these and you can leave it to me. At any rate, Mr. George Bendish and I will go into the matter together later on when the time comes."

As he walked down the lane the two old ladies, hand in hand, watched him out of sight.

"Becky, dear," said Miss Mary Tuson, tremulously, "I believe it is all going to come right. I do indeed! I believe our prayers will be answered."

"My dear," said her sister, briskly, wiping the tears from her eyes. "I picked up a horse-shoe this morning when I was out. I knew we should have good fortune."

WHEN LOVE AWAKENS.

JOHN SMITH received the invitation to the dance with surprise, then, after a few moments' reflection, with a very big consciousness of elation. He could see, or thought he could, the hand of Sir Martin Wyvold in this. Sir Martin had mentioned the Bournfields to him in casual conversation.

"Old friends of mine," he had said. "They have a particular weakness for Peggy. You must meet them, Smith."

Therefore John Smith accepted the invitation. He felt certain that this was another kindly action of the barrister's, and that Peggy was certain to be there. So he went in confident expectation.

Mrs. Bournfield gave him a cordial welcome when his name was announced. She was a tall, elegant woman, whose clear eyes seemed to look out on the world determined only to find what is good and beautiful in it and to miss all else.

"I've heard such a lot about you, Mr. Smith," she said, as she shook hands with the young man. "Sir Martin is my oldest friend. There's Peggy Chelsfield over here. Go and talk to her, otherwise she'll have her programme filled up. She's always in demand at my dances."

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they wanted to break. Over all was the calm

sweetness of the summer night, with the fragrance of a thousand scents in the air. Who has

not known the magic of such a moment, when heart calls to heart and the hour seems attuned to love?

As they turned the corner into the rose garden a nightingale suddenly broke out into liquid

passion, thrilling them both. Scarcely was it

over when she did the girl turned to the man at her

side and for a moment their eyes met and held each other. "Dearest!"

As if in a dream he put out his arms to her, and without a word she came to him as

straight as a homing bird to its nest. So for a while they stood reading the message in each other's eyes, and the love of all the ages singing in their hearts.

"I love you, my darling, I love you!" he murmured.

Neither of them saw the malevolent face that peered at them through the dusk.

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£3,000 MUST BE WON in the Great Motor Ballot

REVISED PRIZE LIST.	
1st Prize	6-cylinder Limousine £1,000 Cash
2nd "	100 car, or Riley All-Season 4 £650 "
3rd "	Seater Car, or Meteorite de Luxe 4 £465 "
4th "	Seater Car, or McKenzie All-Weather 4 £368 "
5th "	Seater Car, or Marsal Coupe, value £275 "
6th "	Salmon de Luxe, 2 £225 "
7th "	Seater car, or 8-h.p. Excelsior Motor cycle and Sidecar value £123 "
8th "	6-h.p. N.U.T. Motorcycle £80 "
9th "	Value 24-h. Haddock Sports "King 51 Gns. of Lightweight" "
10th "	McKenzie Popular Model 26 Gns. Motorcycle, value "

In addition there are numerous other prizes, including Set of "Stoney" Tyres and Tubes, Set of "Reflex" Tyres, Tan-Sad Pillion Seat, Wireless Sets, Cash etc.

TICKETS 2/6 EACH

The Great Motor Ballot is run by, and in aid of, The Victory Corps, for the assistance of necessitous ex-service men and women. Tickets and full particulars direct from Headquarters: or from Gamble's, Keith Prowse, and all shops displaying the G.M.B. Poster. In return for the entrance fee of 2/6 you receive a NUMBERED TICKET.

THE VICTORY CORPS

(Under Royal Patronage)

172, BUCKINGHAM PALACE Rd. LONDON, S.W.1

MORE AGENTS WANTED.

The V.C. have on their books a number of well recommended unemployed men about whom they will be pleased to communicate with employers.

POST THIS TO-DAY.

COUPON (D.Mr. 1)

THE GREAT MOTOR BALLOT

172, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

Please send me tickets, for which I enclose P.O. value and stamped addressed envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed & Cn.

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254 for 8 (dec.); G. W. Stephens 63, Smart 69, N. K. Partridge 30. Bowling: Earle 4 for 30.
Somerseset—First Innings: 330. Second Innings: 115; J. S. Daniell 61. Bowling: Howell 4 for 42, Calthorpe 3 for 32.
 Warwick won by 140 runs.

TO-DAY'S LINGFIELD

Card for Second Day of Meeting—
Newmarket's Best.

1.50—BRAMBLEVE S	H'CAP. 2000 lbs; 5L
Golden Way, Excort 4	9 0
Mary Selby, Beatty 2	7 12
Westminster, Lines 8	7 12
Mal Krona, Wootton 4	7 12
Lady Frances, Smith 5	7 12
Above arrived	
Munna, Wilkins 4	8 13
Errol Roy, Spittle 4	8 12
Rutswilley, Farquhar 3	8 12
Souma, Templeman 4	8 12
Domitian, Reynolds 8	8 12
Loisset, Templeman 4	8 12
Chrysanth, Goldbeck 4	8 12
De Bloom, Easterbee 4	8 12
Jimmy Vane, Watts 3	8 12
Bally Mac, Spittle 4	8 12
House, Larkin 4	8 12
Goat, Spittle 4	8 12
Mery Marcus, Day 4	8 12
Lake Superior, Lines 8	8 12
Almond, Lines 8	8 12
Italian Lass, Larkin 6	8 12
Domitian, Reynolds 8	8 12
Spot Watch, Bottall 4	8 12
Fassman, Gwilt 3	8 12
Almond, Wootton 4	8 12

2.20—STARBOARD T.V.O.S.	
Blunk Boy, Robson 9	0 0
Maxten, Lines 8	0 0
Joe Junior, MacColl 8 11	
Blossom, Smyth 8 11	
Above arrived	
Vain Percy, Easterbee 9	0 0
Johnson, C. Martin 9	0 0
Poppy, Prince, Cameron 9	0 0
Almond, Lines 8	0 0
Polygum, C. Platt 9	0 0
Almond, Lines 8	0 0
Vologda, Templeman 9	0 0
Golden West, Pickering 9	0 0
Golden S. In, Leach 9	0 0
Contesse, Le. Norcott 8 11	
Elora, W. Nightingall 8 11	
Queen Kate, F. Watts 8 11	

2.50—GREAT FOAL PLATE,	1,000 yds; 5L
Equator, Farquhar 9	0 0
Golden Bud, J. Jarvis 9	0 0
Halidom, J. Jarvis 9	0 0
Phyllis, C. Platt 9	0 0
Phyllis, C. Platt 9	0 0
Phyllis, C. Platt 9	0 0
Phyllis, C. Platt 9	0 0
Phyllis, C. Platt 9	0 0
Phyllis, C. Platt 9	0 0
Phyllis, C. Platt 9	0 0

3.20—IMBERHORN H'CAP.	
Lucky Prince, M.H. 6	7 13
Compliser, Nugent 3	7 4
Free from P.W. 3	7 4
Sun's Way, C. Marsh 3	7 4
Above arrived	
Time, Wootton 5	9 6
Id of Light, O. Bell 4	9 6
Edgahawk, O. Bell 4	9 6
Royal, Waits 6	8 12
Proctor, C. Platt 5	8 12
Francis J. Boyd, R. 4	8 12
Polydora, DeMestre 6	8 12
Janet, P. 6	8 12
Meteorite, O. Bell 3	8 12
Jack, P. 6	8 12
Indulgence, P. 6	8 12
Up Garroven, P. 3	7 12
His Excellency, P. 3	7 12
Claremont, E. Pigott 6	7 12

RACING PROGRAMME

Corcel Hugh-Pown 5 6 8 | Jason DeMestre 3 6 8
Tibet Pickering 3 6 8 | Grenoble Larkin 4 6 7
3.50—LINGFIELD CORINTHIAN STAKES, 5 cots with
150 added.

Perico G. Poole 5 12 7	Oh Dick Stevens 4 11 5
Essex of P. Guntor 4 11 5	Sweet Repose, R. M. 4 11 5
Nikita Butcher 4 11 5	Farm Gamp Cary 4 11 5
Margate, Templeman 4 11 5	Uncle James Gore 4 11 5
Well Day, G. Bennett 4 11 5	Official Pte. 4 11 5
Mon-Orr, P. Nardas 4 11 5	B's Favorite, Stevens 4 11 5
Sing's Simple, G. 4 11 5	Romulus, Bewick 4 11 5
Sancti F.A. Brown 4 11 5	Cantelope, Cottrell 4 11 5
Glades Powell 5 11 6	P. for J.H.A. R. 3 10 6
Tons of M. Wall 4 11 5	G. of Tracery, Guntor 4 11 5
Ardena, Goodman 4 11 5	Brahmin, Fitzgerald 4 11 5

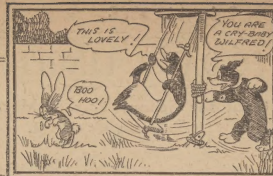
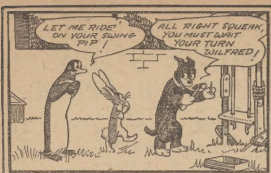
4.20—TANBRIDGE COUNTRY H'CAP. 200 cots; 1m.	
George Drake, H. 9 9 9	Dark End, Clement 4 11 5
Derish Dale 8 8 8	Light Jester, Beatty 3 8 8
Gremlin, G. W. 8 8 8	Ursus Pte. 8 8 8
Pedestal Nugent 4 8 8	Imperial Tabor 8 8 8
Knockout, Earl 8 8 8	Abbey Island, Stevens 8 8 8
Gremlin, G. W. 8 8 8	Ursus Pte. 8 8 8
Emulsion, T. Waugh 3 7 12	Corcel Hugh-Pown 3 7 12
Houda, E. R. 8 8 8	Love Letter, J. 8 8 8
Brandy Snap, MacColl 8 8 8	Portlight, DeMestre 8 8 8
Spiris of M.C.M. H. 8 8 8	All Way, W. N. 8 8 8
Or O. Bell 7 1 1	Predal Larkin 4 8 8

5.00—WATERSIDE H'CAP. 7L—MOIDORE (8-1, V. Smyth), 1. KALLIKRATES (10-1), 2. CYPRUS (15-2), 3. ANCHAL (10-1), 4. ALBA (10-1), 5. ALBA (10-1), 6. ALBA (10-1), 7. ALBA (10-1), 8. ALBA (10-1), 9. ALBA (10-1), 10. ALBA (10-1), 11. ALBA (10-1), 12. ALBA (10-1), 13. ALBA (10-1), 14. ALBA (10-1), 15. ALBA (10-1), 16. ALBA (10-1), 17. ALBA (10-1), 18. ALBA (10-1), 19. ALBA (10-1), 20. ALBA (10-1), 21. ALBA (10-1), 22. ALBA (10-1), 23. ALBA (10-1), 24. ALBA (10-1), 25. ALBA (10-1), 26. ALBA (10-1), 27. ALBA (10-1), 28. ALBA (10-1), 29. ALBA (10-1), 30. ALBA (10-1), 31. ALBA (10-1), 32. ALBA (10-1), 33. ALBA (10-1), 34. ALBA (10-1), 35. ALBA (10-1), 36. ALBA (10-1), 37. ALBA (10-1), 38. ALBA (10-1), 39. ALBA (10-1), 40. ALBA (10-1), 41. ALBA (10-1), 42. ALBA (10-1), 43. ALBA (10-1), 44. ALBA (10-1), 45. ALBA (10-1), 46. ALBA (10-1), 47. ALBA (10-1), 48. ALBA (10-1), 49. ALBA (10-1), 50. ALBA (10-1), 51. ALBA (10-1), 52. ALBA (10-1), 53. ALBA (10-1), 54. ALBA (10-1), 55. ALBA (10-1), 56. 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Two Pages for the Children: See Pages 11 and 12

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



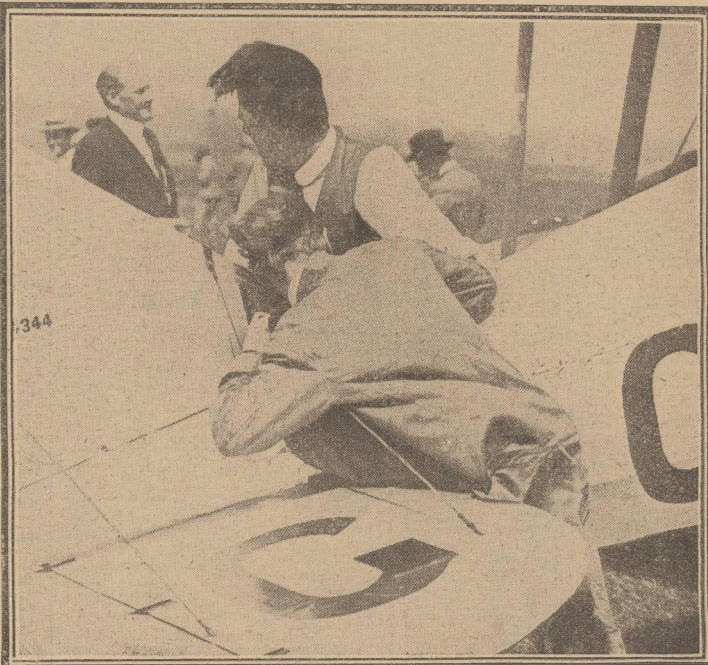
A most cooling adventure of the—

DICKENS PAGEANT AT PORTSMOUTH



"Charles Dickens," a character taking part in the Dickens pageant which is to be held at Portsmouth on Monday, being greeted by the Mayor on his visit yesterday to the famous novelist's birthplace.

START OF THE "ROUND BRITAIN" AIR RACE



Mechanics found the back draught from the aeroplane propellers truly refreshing.



SCHOOLBOYS ON THE TERRACE.—A party of boys from Droop-street schools on the terrace of the House of Commons yesterday, when they visited the House with Mr. W. G. Perring (right), M.P. for North Paddington.

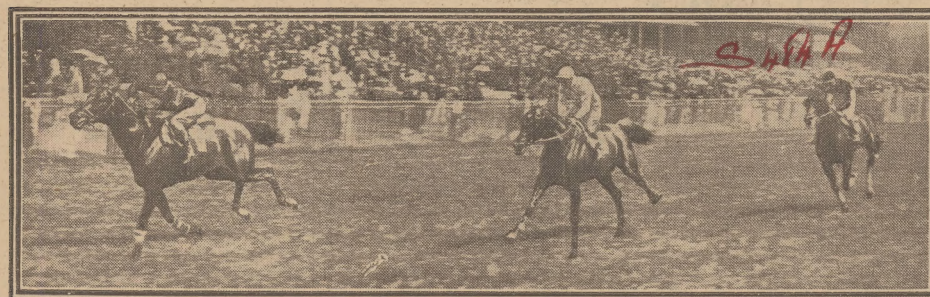


Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim, in flying kit, with her pilot, Captain C. D. Barnard.



Mrs. A. J. Cobham helping her husband get ready to pilot Mr. George Robey's machine.

Fourteen aeroplanes started from Hendon yesterday in the 810 miles round Britain race for the King's Cup. Princess Lowenstein-Wertheim is a passenger in her machine.



£1,000 RACE FINISH.—The finish of the Lingfield Park Stakes yesterday, won by Sir W. Cooke's Collaborator by a length and a half from Militades. Bucks Hussar, two lengths further behind, was third. E. Gardner rode the winner.



F. T. Courtney was the first to arrive at Glasgow, the finishing point for the first stage of the two-days' race.